Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall go along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mounta. Who set this auncient quarell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the seruants of your aduersarie
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fierie *Tybalt*, with his sword prepar'de,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swoong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne:
While we were enterchaunging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.
Benuo. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled minde driue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Westward rooteth from this Citie side:
So early walking did I see your sonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found:
Being one too many by my wearie selfe,
Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.
Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin seene,

With

With teares augmenting the fres
Adding to cloudes, more clowde
But all so soone, as the alcheering
Should in the farthest East begin
The shadie curtaines from *Auro*
Away from light steales home n
And priuate in his Chamber pe
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire
And makes himselfe an artificiall
Blacke and portendous must this
Vnlesse good counsell may the c
Ben. My Noble Vncle do you
Moun. I neither know it, no
Ben. Haue you importunde hi
Moun. Both by my selfe and
But he is owne affections counse
Is to himselfe (I will not say how
But to himselfe so secret and so cl
So farre from sounding and disco
As is the bud bit with an enuious
Ere he can spread his sweete leau
Or dedicate his bewtie to the sa
Could we but learne from whenc
We would as willingly giue cure
Enter Romeo.
Benu. See where he comes, so
Ile know his greeuance or be muc
Moun. I would thou wert so h
To heare true shrift, come Mad

Benuol. Good morrow Cousin
Romeo. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new strooke nine.
Romeo. Ay me, sad houres seem
Was that my father that went he
Ben. It was: what sadnesse leng

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH